The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873. NO. 19.

Don't Let Mother Do It.

DAUGHTER, don't let mother do it;
Do not let her slave and toil
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is won't to bear,
Bringing lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkling silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it;
Do not let her bake and broil
Through the long, bright summer hours,
Share with her the heavy toil.
See, her eyes has lost its brightness;
Faded from the cheek the glow;
And the steps that once were buoyant,
Now are feeble, weak, and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it,
She has cared for you so long;
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless,
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it;
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother,
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies
Free from earthly care and pain—
To that home, so sad without her,
Never to return again.

When to Say "No."

NO is a very little word;
In one short breath we say it,
Sometimes 'tis wrong, but often right;
So let us justly weigh it.
No I must say when asked to swear,
And No when asked to gamble;
No when strong drink I'm urged to share,
No to a Sunday's ramble.

For the Myrtle

The Price of a Velocipede.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT DE WETT.

PART II.

THE months wore away slowly, but the ardor of the school-boy did not abate. "It is almost a miracle," one of his teachers said to Madame de Luzon. "I have always said that he was intelligent and would do well if he would only try; now, he does try, and he is at the very head of his class. I have hopes even that he may get a medal." Madame de Luzon became reconciled to velocipedes, but above all, she blessed her excellent father who was always ready to help her in her task.

M. Clarigny could not however relieve his daughter of her most serious anxiety. Every day she observed with more and more solicitude, the sunken eyes and pallid cheek of her husband; she saw him begin every day with a headache, which at evening was agravated by toil; she exhausted her imagination in devising some means to procure a little rest for him. The weather had now become hot, the pavement was scorching, whatever pains one took, fresh air could not be enjoyed where rooms were small, and when M. de Luzon went out to go to the publishers who were preparing his great work on Egyptian antiquities, his steps were feeble and almost trembling; his wife looked after him as he walked, with the deepest anxiety. The most devoted cares cannot restore strength to a literary man, fatigued by over work.

It was evening ; every one was sitting near the open window, to catch the faint breeze ; the dull, heavy murmur of the great city filled the air, the sound of carriages, the street-cries, the echoing tread of the passers-by ; M. Clarigny, fatigued by the heat had fallen asleep for a moment ; the father and mother were talking in a half-whisper.

" I only need four or five hundred francs, but how can I get them !" said Madame de Luzon.

" Four or five hundred francs ?" rejoined her husband gaily, " that is as much as my clothes cost in a half-year."

" Perhaps three hundred might do," said the mother.

" Three hundred ; I could get that by an article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. But just now I have not time."

" As if I would let you do any additional work, when all my ambition is to see you in perfect idleness !"

" Like an idiot ?" said her husband playfully.

" No indeed. Like a man of genius who is taking his vacation. Three hundred francs ! If one only had it, you could go off on one of those excursion trains that are so cheap, into Switzerland or Germany ; then you could walk at your pleasure, and come back to us in a month, refreshed and strengthened, and ready to resume your harness."

" And you won't lay your harness aside, even for a day !"

" Oh, I am not tired, it is different with me. I have not been writing a book !"

" Never mind," he said, " if I do not go away. Your presence rests me better than a journey !"

Madame de Luzon was not convinced, but she rose suddenly. " Come, children," she said, " it is time to go to bed !" There were tears in her eyes, and her voice trembled ; Adrian looked at her inquiringly, and was also ready to cry ; as he went into his room, he said to himself. " Three hundred francs ! three hundred francs !"

The school was now in the very height of its preparations for the grand event of the year. Adrion was very much engrossed with his work. His grandfather watched him carefully. " The boy is not quite sure himself," he thought. They had now come to the last Saturday ; the Latin translation, the Greek translation, and the Latin composition were already done. It only remained to decide upon the History. Lauretta and Aline had been at the window since half past three, watching for the brother, who would not leave the college till four, and then would have to be more than half an hour on the way home, to say nothing of any little delays on the college steps with the other boys,

" He will not come to-day," said the little girls. and in their impatience they ran every other minute into the parlor to look at the clock. " I think the clock has stopped," Lawretta said.

" No, it ticks," rejoined Aline, " and I think the hands move a little, but I believe they have the gout !" She was about to open the glass, to make the time go faster, when their mother came in, and the two children ran back to their post of observation.

While they were studying the clock, Adrian had gone by under the window. He had just rung the bell, and the little sisters ran down to open the door for him.

" I am number two, ' he cried triumphantly. " It is all safe !"

" Now, you get your velocipede !" exclaimed Lauretta and Aline in a chorous.

" If I want to !" These mysterous words filled the little girls with amazement, but the brother gave no explanation. Brushing past them, he came into the hall, and went neither to the library to seek his father, nor into the parlor for mamma, but direct to grandfather's room.

" He is going to claim to his velocipede," said Lauretta, who was not very quick-witted, but Aline replied, " I cannot tell what he means to do !" Aline would not go and announce the good news to their mother, in the absence of Arian ; her curiosity drew her strongly towards grandfather's room, but resisting this, she carried off Lauretta into a little closet near the kitchen. " I am going to tell you a story," she said to her sister. Lauretta could not understand this excessive kindness, but as she seated herself contentedly on the floor, prepared to listen, suddenly the quick ears of Aline caught the sound of a door shut in the distance. " He has come out of grandpa's room, now we can go with him to tell mamma," she cried, and seizing her little sister by the hand, she ran to the parlor.

Adrian was standing by the fiae-place as they entered. " You are second in history " said his mother, " then you have succeeded. That is good, you have deserved it, at least you have been industrious. The velocipede has been stronger than I," she added with a smile.

Adrian seemed much confused. " I am going up to the examination," he said, in a low voice,

"but if you will do something to make me very happy, mamma, I shall go without the velocipede." His mother looked up in astonishment, and the boy went on. "Papa is tired and ill. You want him to take a journey. Three hundred francs you said, were lacking. Here they are, if you will please"—and he held out the money which his grandfather had just given him. He felt that she had accepted the sacrifice, though she said not another word. Adrian went on in a low voice. "Papa need not know it. You can tell him I didn't care about having the velocipede—and that is true, mamma," he went on, as he noticed that she hesitated, "since I overheard you one evening—it was not my fault—I was studying, but you spoke quite loud. I have noticed how ill papa looked, and I am sure we should be so glad to have him come back well."

"Adrian," said his mother, "do you think papa would enjoy his journey less for carrying with him the assurance that you loved him enough to sacrifice so great a pleasure for his sake?" But the boy colored, and it was evidently hard for him to repeat the scene. "I will tell him myself, if you prefer," said Madame de Luzon, guessing his difficulty. "Thank you, mamma," and the boy rushed out, nearly knocking down his two little sisters, who had stood silent in the doorway, stupefied at the turn events had taken.

Aline clung round him. "You are not going to have the velocipede?" she said in a tone of distress.

"No," he answered abruptly.

"You didn't work hard enough?" she asked.

"Yes," he said "I did work hard enough, but I don't wan't a velocipede. Let me alone,—and don't drag yourself on the floor in your clean dress," he added, with a sudden attack of economy.

Madame de Luzon had no new bonnet, her father's overcoat was a little white at the seams, no velocipede appeared in the carriage-house of M. Perseval, but Adrian went through the grand examination with honor, and received a medal. The day after the prizes were distributed, the entire family accompanied M. de Luzon to the railway station. He already looked brighter at the prospect of the delightful days among the Swiss mountains, and in the cool fragrant glades of the Black Forest. "Good-by," he said to Adrian, "I leave your mother in your charge, for you have shown yourself a man." Adrian could not speak, but he grew very red as he took his mother's hand in his. "We will all go to walk together," said the little girls, dancing about their grandfather, "that will be much more amusing than to see Adrian ride his velocipede!" M. Clarigny did not notice the chatter of the sisters, for his eyes were fixed tenderly on his grandson.

M. M. R.

Jupiter and the Sheep.

"The sheep was doomed to suffer much from all the animals. She came to Jupiter, and prayed him to lighten her misery. Jupiter appeared willing, and said to the sheep,—

"'I see, indeed, my good creature, I have made thee too defenseless. Now choose in what way I may best remedy thy defect. Shall I furnish thy mouth with terrible teeth, and thy feet with claws?'

"'Ah, no!' said the sheep: 'I do not wish to have any thing in common with the beasts of prey.'

"'Or,' continued Jupiter, 'shall I fnfuse poison into thy spittle?'

"'Alas,' replied the sheep, 'the poisonous serpents are so hated!'

"'What, then, shall I do? I will plant horns in thy forehead, and give strength to thy neck.'

"'Not so, kind father! I might be disposed to butt like the he-goat.'

"'And yet,' said Jupiter, 'thou must thyself be able to injure others, if others are to beware of injuring thee.'

"'Must I?' sighed the sheep. 'Oh! then, kind father, let me be as I am: for the ability to injure will excite, I fear, the desire; and it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.'

"Jupiter blessed the good sheep; and from that time forth she forgot to complain."

A Broad Hint.

An acquaintance from the country having visited some friends, and being about to depart, presented a little boy, one of the family, with half a crown in the presence of his mother. "Please, it is a good one?" asked the little fellow. "Of course it is," replied the gentleman, surprised; "why do you ask?" "Because I'd rather have a bad one, and then they'll let me keep it. If I get any good money, it goes into the bank, and I never get it again."

For the Myrtle.

Berries and Thorns.

Two small fairies haunt the hedges,
Where the pasture meets the lane,—
Sweetest berries for their wages
Plucked with many a sting of pain.

Poised on tip-toe stands the taller
Culls with patient, painful toil,
Tossing each where sits the smaller,
Stained and happy, with the spoil.

Peering through, I call good morning
To my fairies in the sweets,
With a gentle word of warning,
That each thorn in pain repeats.

From the spokesman of my fairies,
Comes the answer warm and quick,
"Little brother wants the berries,
Never mind about the prick."

Ah, my fairy, that's the spirit,
That has made all love sublime,
Just as sweet in your small merit,
As the greatest of all time.

Wounds for you and sweets for others,
What can love say more than this?
Did all men so love their brothers,
Earth would crave no heavenly bliss. *H. A. B.*

For the Myrtle.

True Prudence.

TOM and Teddy Brown, cousins, went to the sea shore for a visit. Neither knew much about the sea; but Tom had lived by a large river, and was well acquainted with water. He could swim and dive and float; Teddy could do none of these things. He could row a boat; Teddy had never tried. He brought fish-pole and tackle, and a sailor suit, and expected to have a good time. Teddy did not provide for any thing but to look on.

In fact Teddy was one of those timid, blundering boys who seem to think they are fated to have something dreadful happen to them. And they are sure everybody else will have something dreadful happen to them unless they are on hand to take care of them. So everywhere that Tom went, Teddy followed on, to see that he got into no trouble. When Tom clambered steadily over the rocks, Teddy sat carefully down and slid after him. When Tom jumped with sure foot from point to point, Teddy picked his way, crying in distress "You'll slip! You'll fall!" When Tom pulled in a fish, or leaned forward to put his pole down and measure the depth of the water, Teddy siezed frantically his coat and pulled with all his might to hold him from falling in.

When Tom went in bathing,—that was the funniest time to see Teddy; he would flutter around the shore like a hen that has hatched ducks. Cluck cluck,—call and cry,—little peace he gave to Tom. Every time Tom's head went under Teddy thought he was lost. When a great wave came Teddy was sure he would be washed out to sea. Every ripple on the water Teddy knew was a shark ready to devour him. "Now come out, Tom, now *do* come out; now you've been in too long; now you're real *mean* to stay in and plague me so,"—that was the burden of his song.

Tom would have caught a hundred colds, and broken every limb in his body, and been drowned a thousand times, and eaten by monsters of the

deep over and over, if Teddy had been a good prophet.

But it happened otherwise. Teddy was the tone to come to griet, as is the way of those over-timid boys.

Tom was out in a boat fishing one day, where Teddy did not dare to go. But being a kind-hearted boy, and afraid, too, that Tom would wet his feet, Teddy thought he would work his way down to the edge of the cove, and help pull the boat in when it came ashore. He was doing this very carefully, crawling down with hands and feet on the wet rock, when by some blunder hands and feet slipped, and plump off he went into the deep water of the cove.

Tom heard one scream and saw a floundering in the water. Instantly he sprang out of the boat and swam for the cove. No matter about wet feet then!

He caught Teddy by the arm, struck out with feet and hand for something to cling to. He grasped the rock with his free arm, got a foothold, and held up with the other arm the helpless Teddy, till the boat came up.

Strange to say, from this day, Teddy instead of growing timid by his mishap, seemed to gain a new courage. It was the respect he had learn-

ed for Tom's daring. that he had always thought so reckless before. He found that true prudence is not in avoiding all possible adventure and danger, but in learning to overcome danger with strong and steady skill. *H. A. B.*

Amy and Agnes.

I can't walk so fast, Amy," said Agnes Moore to her sister, as the two went on their way to school.

"Oh, you always crawl like a snail!" said Amy, impatiently. "I can't bear to go so slow. Why can't you come along?"

"You know it puts me out of breath to walk so fast," answered Agnes. "And mother told me not to run."

"Well, then, you can stay behind," said Amy, in a pet, and she ran on and left her sister.

Agnes was hurt to the heart, for she loved her sister dearly. Amy was a strong, active child, but a severe illness in childhood had made Agnes a delicate, frail, little creature, who had only been kept alive by constant nursing and care, and a very little exertion was sufficient to tire her out.

She sat down on a stone by the wayside, and cried a little, and then went wearily on her way to school, a shadow cast over the whole day before her.

Unknown to the two girls, their teacher, Miss Spencer, had heard the whole from behind the high fence of her father's garden, and she resolved to give Amy a lesson. At recess, Amy had forgotten all about her little temper, and came to Agnes to be helped in her arithmetic, for in her lesson, she was far more backward than her sister. Agnes took the books and slate, but Miss Spencer stopped her—

"No, Amy," she said. "you are very much of a snail in your arithmatic. Agnes cannot always spend her recess in waiting for you. If you can't keep up you may stay behind."

Amy colored deeply, and looked angrily at her sister.

"Agnes did not tell me," said Miss Spencer, guessing her thought. "I heard you, myself. I advise you to think a little on the text, which tells us that the strong shall bear the infirmities of the weak. Agnes is ready to bear your infirmities of mind, and to wait for you at hard places in your lessons, but you think it a great trial to slacken your pace because she is not strong enough to walk fast."

Grandma's Story.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood-fire's glow,
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of the time so long ago—

When grandma's hair was golden brown.
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now she is old and bent.

And her needles catch the fire's light,
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waking children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind,
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time,
To grandma's heart to-night—
Only a ditty, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long plain spaces without a break
That in youth are hard to bear:
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We court and yet we shun;
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children come to say good night,
With tears in their bright young eyes;
While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

A TIRED youngster of this city who was sleepily saying his prayers the other evening, mixed his devotional and school exercises after this queer fashion:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should—chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

LIFE can scarcely be considered respectable if it has no generous task, duties, or affections that constitute a necessity for existing. Every man's task is his life-preserver.

"A Year of Worship" For Sunday Schools and Homes.

Parents, teachers and pupils will be glad to see this new book, by G. L. Demarest, issued by the Universalist Publishing House. It is a work of admirable design and execution, and will lend a guiding hand in many a doubtful strait, for nothing seems to be wanting to make it what has been so long needed in our Sabbath Schools. We hope our schools will as soon as possible test its merits. Specimen copies sent post paid for 45 cents, 4.50 per dozen.

Our Sunday Schools.

—We shall find news scarce during vacation-time. Absence from our accustomed desk cuts us off from news in private letters, and we have searched the papers almost in vain for tidings of our great family of schools. A few items, however, some joyous and cheering, others sad, we have to present. From

CONNECTICUT.

Comes sad tidings of the death by drowning of a beloved member of the Granby school, Albert M. Dibble, aged 23 years. He was drowned while bathing, becoming entangled in the weeds at the bottom, while his companions were unable to reach him in time to save him. A friend writes to the *Banner* concerning him. "The deceased was a regular and constant attendant at church and Sabbath School, and had manifested new and increasing interest in religious things. He expressed much regret that the Sabbath School was to have a vacation during the present month. He will be much missed and mourned, not only by his relative. but by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and especially at the church where he worshipped, and by the Sabbath Schools of which he was a member." This is a significant and noble record to be made of a young man at an age when so many fancy they have outgrown the care and instruction of the Sunday School. May it be a comforting memory to those who mourn his untimely loss.

MAINE.

—It is said of the Eddington Society where there has been no pastor for Several years that it still lives and thrives, better than could be expected under such circumstances. A student from Tufts Divinity School will minister to the people there during his vacation. At East Eddington where Br. S. S. Davis has recently been pastor, there is a flourishing Sunday School.

VERMONT.

—The Sunday School at Castleton, which has been long disbanded, is now revived, as a part of the good labors of Br. J. P. Booth who went there for a few weeks' vacation. The school though small is full of the right spirit and takes ho'd of the work with new vigor. It will doubtless have more than a name to live, and will have cause long to bless Br. Booth's vacation work.

OHIO.

—At the meeting of the Murray Association, to be held at Lodi, August 30th and 31st, one session is to be devoted to the Sunday School. Illustrations of black-board exercises and object teaching will be a part of the instruction of the meeting. This new plan is to be commended to our Associations everywhere. Why cannot a half-day or a day so used, take the place in some degree of the Sunday School Institute? Those cannot be held at a tenth part of the points where our Associations are now held. Why not make the most of the opportunities we have, to get the Sunday School reforms before the people?

MICHIGAN.

—Our School in Muskegon has a Social Society which meets weekly, and is quite an auxiliary to the cau e. The Sunday School indulged in a pleasant boat ride and picnic, July 17.

The Good of Prayer.

The "other *Myrtle*," the little paper published at Dover N. H., has so good a talk about the good of praying to our Heavenly father, that we want to borrow it for our children to read.

"We were reading, the other day, of a little boy who one night objected to offering the little prayer his mother had taught him. When he was asked why he wanted to omit it, he said; "It's no matter. The other night I didn't pray, and ask God to take care of me while I was asleep, and I woke up in the morning all safe and sound. So it's just as good not to pray. May be we get along just as well without any of God s care; and may be he takes just as good care of us if we don't say anything to him about it. Any way, I slept sound and woke up just as bright when I didn't pray; so it's no matter; and I don't want to say it over every night. Let me jump into bed right off."

Now some people might think this was very bright and nice for a little boy. They might laugh at his wit, and think his reasoning very sound. Some men and women think, and talk, and act in some way. That is they don't pray, and the reasons which they give for not doing it are much like the little boy's. Are they good reasons?

Suppose the same little boy had said,—"It's no matter about speaking to my father, or telling him that I'm thankful for his kindness, or that I love him, because he will be kind if I don't speak, and he will perhaps keep on bringing me just the things I want even if I don't ask or thank him for any of them;—or may be they will come to me in some other way if I don't say anything about it;"—suppose the little boy had talked in this way about his earthly father, would that seem reasonable, and bright, and nice, and manly? Or would it seem ungrateful, and dull, and selfish, and wicked? Would anybody be proud of having such a boy as that? Or would any parent be ashamed of such a child?

But the Heavenly Father is better to us than the earthly. His gifts are larger and better. He deserves more thanks and love. He is better pleased with the loving and thankful spirit than the earthly father can be. He is sorrier over a willful and selfish spirit. And if he were to withhold his gifts, we should be poor indeed.

And there are many things we need which he only can give. And many things are given only in answer to prayer. We want something beside food and clothing, health and friends. We want our quick temper overcome, our selfish spirit put down, our hearts filled with kindness and love, our many wrong thoughts and feelings and words and acts forgiven. We want help that will enable us to put away whatever is wrong and to be faithful to whatever is right. We want the spirit which will enable us to be patient toward those about us, and make us feel that we have our dearest friend in the Lord Jesus, and our best home in heaven, so that we shall not seem forsaken when those dear to us are beyond sight and reach, and shall be sure of a place in the upper mansions when we feel that we are forever passing away from the world. These are things which only God can give; and he gives them only to the prayerful; he never refuses them in prayer.

It is not good to pray? Can we afford to live without prayer? If we have begun to pray, shall we not continue? And if we have neglected it, shall we not begin at once to call earnestly on our Father?"

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXV.—SAUL.

Question. — Where is Saul first mentioned?

Answer. — Acts vii. 58.

Q. — What was he then doing?

A. — Acts vii. 58.

Q. — Where was Saul born?

A. — Acts ix. 11.

Q. — Of what province of Rome was his birth place the capital?

A. — Acts xxi. 39.

Q. — In what synagogue of Saul's native country, did Stephen hold discussions?

A. — Acts vi, 9.

NOTE. Jews of different countries, had synagogues in Jerusalem, just as Germans may have churches in our cities, or the French have churches of their own among us. Jews' when staying in Jerusalem would naturally go to the sysagogue of the country in which they were born, for there they would be likely to meet those they knew, and there they would hear speaking in their native tongue. Saul would, of course, go to the synagogue of Cilicia. In that synagogue, Stephen proclaimed his views and discussed them with the Jews who assembled there. It was doubtless here that Saul first sawand heard him, first heard christian doctrines pro claimed. It is not impossible that he was one of those who disputed with Stephen, opposing and condemning his views. From this synagogue, he no doubt followed him to the judgment-hall and there heard the myrtyr's masterly by defence of his views, and there began to indulge hate for those whose views he could not prove to be untrue.

Q. — Who became the leader of the persecution against the followers of Christ?

A. — Acts viii. 3.

NOTE. If we inquire, as we should, why Saul persecuted Christ's followers, we find the answer in the fact that christian views of the character and providence of God, and the character and work of Christ, were not narrow and exclusive and selfish and worldly enough to meet the wishes and ambition of the Jews. The Jews believed that God was the God of Israelites only. They believed that he would confine his love to the Jewish people, and would make their temple his especial abiding place. They did not want him to love any other people. They did not want him to dwell with nor be the God of any other people. In Stephen's speech, (Acts vii, 46-49,)we find him proclaiming in the temple itself, that God would not confine himself to that temple; that indeed, they could not build a house by which they could confine him; that he was present everywhere in earth and heaven. The selfish Jews could not endure to hear these glorious doctrines. Thay hated the man who told them that God loved other people beside them; and persecution raged violently against those who proclaimed that God loved the whole world.

Q. — How violent was Saul's persecution?

A. — Acts vii. 3.

Q. — What became of the disciples of Christ?

A. — Acts vii. 4

Q. — Did Saul follow them when they fled?

A. — Acts ix. 1, 2.

Q. — To what place did he follow them?

A. — Acts ix. 2.

Q. — As he came near Damascus, what took place?

A. — Acts ix. 3.

Q. — What did Saul hear?

A. — Acts ix. 4.

Q. — When Saul answered the voice, what reply did he receive?

A. — Acts ix, 5.

NOTE. Goads were used, indeed are now used for driving oxen. Saul had felt goads in his heart that soul and would drive him another way than the one he was going. The wilful and enraged ox kicked when he was goaded—kicked against the goad, only to feel its sharp point worse. Stephen had put truths into Saul's soul that were goading him. In the persecution he only contended against them. Indeed he became "mad," enraged, but only to feel the goadings of truth and his conscience more and more. At last he can contend no longer. The light comes and finds him now ready to obey.

Q. — What did Saul ask?

A. — Acts ix. 6.

Enigma.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 27, 8, 2, 16, is a number.
My 15, 19, 12, 19, 23, 4, a son of David.
My 11, 21, 22, 8, 11, was a son of the twelve.
My 11, 7, 8, 9, 5, 22, 12, 12, 14, was one of Paul's helpers.
My 3, 17, 25, 18, was a garden,
My 10, 1, 4, 20, is used at campmeeting.
My 24, 13, 25, is used to see.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is soon coming.
My whole is one of Paul's sayings.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,

37 Cornhill, Boston.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

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